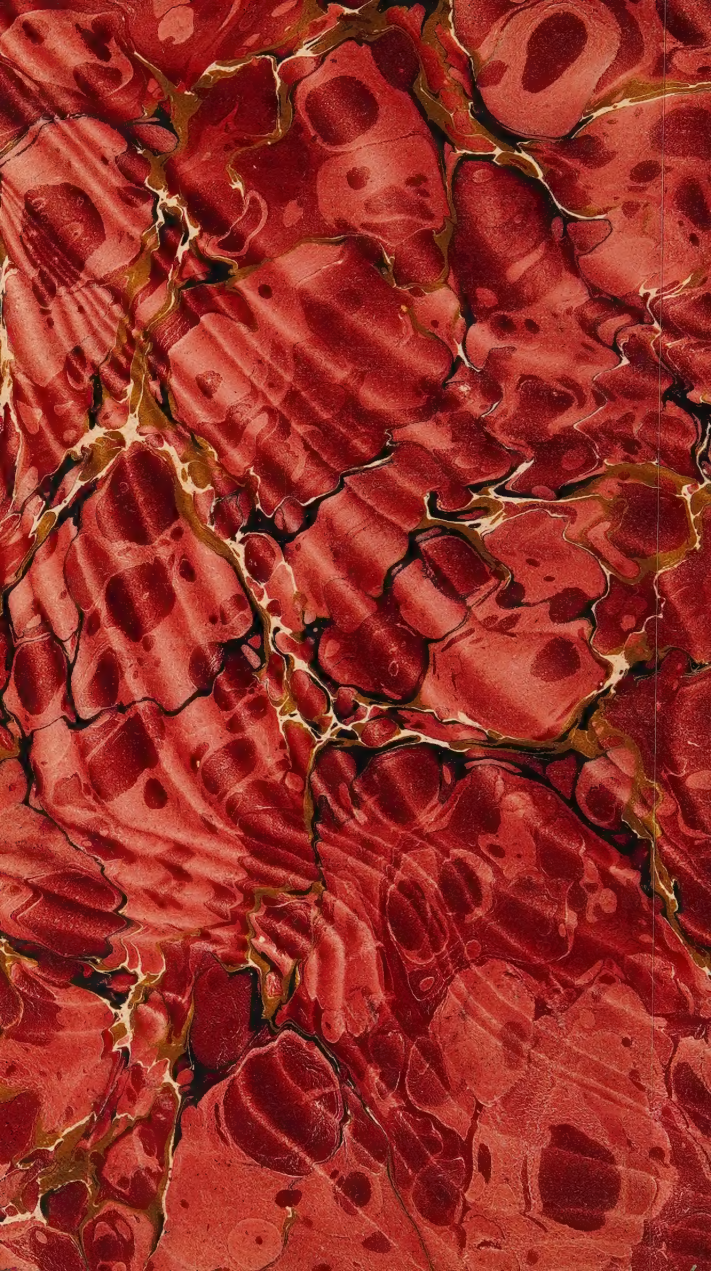

Barnett (Eaton Stannard)

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/tarantulaordance00unse

London, Published as the Act directs by G. Hughes 212 Tottenham Court Road.

THE

TARANTULA;

OR, THE

DANCE OF FOOLS.

A Satirical Work.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "RISING SUN," &c.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. F. HUGHES, NO. 5, WIGMORE STREET; AND NO. 15, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1809.

dk/ 5

INVOCATION TO THE CRITICS.

Critics, or Sat'rists, ne'er did I arraign
Your right to vapour over authors slain;
Ne'er did I say, it was a cursed shame
His pages to bespatter, and his fame.
Guardians of muses, and their hallow'd seat,
From profanation of unhallowed feet,
Who keep off vain pretenders with a sharp eye,
And would not, for a sop, tell any d——d lie;
I seek not on Parnassus' top to leap,
Nor climb, with wary steps, the craggy steep;
Pray, let me quietly wander in the vale
Beneath, nor blow on me your boist'rous gale.
Leave me in peace (what every author wishes)
To fill my shrivell'd chops with loaves and fishes—
I ask not much, nor choice am in my dishes.
Do not inflame the gentle reader's spirit,
And rouse him up to damn my want of merit.
The *wise* think for themselves; but they are few;
Fools, to seem wise, will always side with you.
Ah! do not teach them with disdain to chill
The tuneful labours of my *grey-goose quill*.

Let me not die, like the presaging swan,
Chaunting my fun'ral dirge; nor like that man
Knight, sir J---n C--rr, whose pretty Scottish tour,
My *Pocket Book* has buried ever more:
No---let me live, and frisk in Tempé's plains,
Collecting little matters for my pains.
Do let the fair sex quietly read my ditty,
And vow they like it---'tis so very pretty!
Then will you have my thanks, and I---my end;
But, ere my work you to the devil send,
Consider, Sirs, and with the thing be smitten---
How finely Shakespeare has on mercy written.
That attribute of Gods---(I humbly speak it)
Can ne'er disgrace the brow of mighty critic;---
How 'twill my gizzard vex to see the paper,
On which my wit's expended, light a taper;
Or else be us'd for---perish the foul thought!
What's that you whisper, Sirs?--"*We may be bought!*"
I know it well, ye greasy-fisted knaves,
Ye night-mares of poor authors,—your vile slaves!
I'll give nor dinner, wine, nor glass of gin---
Like Tantalus's be each Critic's chin!
But stay, I'll give--"What, what, Sir? we're not nice,
Guineas, perhaps?"---No, harpies---*good advice!*
Let gold no longer guide your critic rules,
Nor prey, like *rogues*, on carcasses of *fools*.

THE

TARANTULA,

&c. &c.

Grumblerius.—Your father, my young Sir, might as well have sent you to me to introduce you into Bethlehem Hospital, as into the world.—Does he imagine that I will become a master of the ceremonies to an *assembly of fools?*—No, no, young man; you are my nephew; and, as I have never been married, I intend to make

you my heir; but I will not dance into public, like a bear with a monkey on its back, to

"Dazzle fools, and set them all agape."

Mundungus. — My father, dear Sir, presuming on your friendship, and knowing your experience of the world, has merely requested that you will give me some insight into its beauties and defects; which will, perhaps, be of more real service than bestowing your fortune on me.

Grumblerius.—I have seen none of its *beauties*, and it would be an unpleasant task to grumble over its *defects*; especially to a gay youth who, as yet, sees nothing but flowers before him. Why, then, should I make him anticipate the thorns,

which he will meet with but too soon, and begloom the only happy portion of human life—happy in ignorance?

Mundungus.—I may not be so sanguine in my expectations of the world as you, Sir, may imagine.—I wish to learn the truth, and so far as books——

Grumblerius.---Books! You might as well have raked for the moon in a horse-pond. To know mankind, you must study men themselves.

Mundungus.—That, Sir, is what I would wish to do, with a little of your guidance at the outset.

Grumblerius.—Poh! It will be better for you to cut in and shuffle with *fools*, and take your chance in the world. "*Odi puerulum præcoci sapientiâ*" — I cannot endure a child who is a premature man.

I shall only tear the veil from your eyes, which I almost wish had still remained before my own. Had I been contented without analysing the *follies* of others, I had not come to the pass of knowing myself to be a *fool*. I advise you to take a contrary course, and, thinking yourself wise, like the rest of the world, be a *fool* without suspecting it. Take my word for it, that the deception will render your passage through life much more pleasant. To take the world as it goes is the *ne plus ultra* of human wisdom; and even that, Solomon tells us, is *folly*.

Mundungus.—The ancients feigned, that Justice fled from the earth; do you really think that Wisdom has likewise abandoned us?

Grumblerius.—I can only say that I

have never met with her in any human being,—not even in the D—— of P——, Mr. P——l, Mr. C——g, or any other of our *sapient* rulers. The only glimpse which I have ever been able to get of a faint resemblance of her, is that consciousness which teaches a man to conceal his *folly*; for, as Sancho Panza says, "We are all as God made us, and are not obnoxious to ridicule for being what we are, but for wishing to pass for what we are not." The world is full of affectation, and all affectation is folly; for which reason Cicero observes—

"Stultorum plena sunt omnia."

Folly pervades all things.—This is also the result of my own experience, and I leave it to yourself to determine, whether you would press the subject any further.

Mundungus.—Sir, I think I should profit by your discussion, as I flatter myself with sense enough to distinguish between a true or false argument or conclusion.

Grumblerius.—Why, there it is.—*Every fool is wise in his own conceit;* and you, yourself, are the first argument in support of my doctrine of *universal folly.*

Mundungus.—I stand corrected, Sir, and hope also to be instructed.

Grumblerius.—Well, well; if you will persevere in extracting my opinion from me, remember that it will be your own fault, if you should be disgusted either with the world, or my description of it. I assert, then, that every age, sex, and condition, is tinctured with *folly*, more or less gross indeed; and that he who thinks

himself free from it is the greatest *fool* of all. Volumes might be filled with proofs of this assertion; indeed, history is merely a record of them;—but it will be sufficient for our purposes of conversation to take a cursory review of mankind in a scale descending.—The ancient fables of *heroes* and *demigods* I shall notice only to instance the *gross folly* of those who invented such chimeras—of those who received them as true,—and of those who, in the present day, consider a memory stuffed with them, as the *acmé* of education. The heads of our youth, thus early charged with fabulous matter, are never to be freed from romantic ideas. To how many thousands of pedantic, as well as romantic, madmen, would not Cervantes have extended his benefit, if,

together with Esplandian, Amadis of Greece, Don Olivante de Laura, Florismarte, Platir, the twelve peers, and other chivalrous worthies, he had made the Curate, Master Nicholas, the Barber, and Don Quixote's housekeeper, consign to the flames the Pantheon, and the infamous amours of its gods, goddesses, heroes, and heroines. Let us now pass on to those, not imaginary, rulers of the earth, whose adventures are ascertained to us by history, and we shall find that *common sense* is not more the prerogative of kings and princes, than of other people. *Alexander the Great* was only one of those *fools* whom Horace lashes as—'imitatores, servum pecus'. Having made Homer's Achilles, phantom or reality, his model, Achilles had his friend Patroclus, Alex-

ander his Hephestion; Achilles piqued himself on his swiftness of foot and personal valor, so did Alexander; Achilles gave a loose to the violence of his passions, so did Alexander. Homer gave Achilles a divine origin on his maternal side, and Alexander defamed his parents, by causing himself to be styled the son of Jupiter. And yet this son of the mighty thunderer was so soft a *fool*, as to weep for more worlds to conquer, as a baby cries for more toys. Added to these proofs, his drunken gambols, the murder of Clytus, and the firing of Persepolis, must rank him as a *fool* of the *first water*. *Xerxes* would have been a most laughable jack-pudding, if he had not led more than a million of fellow-creatures to the slaughter. No commander in chief, not even

in our blessed days, ever made a campaign with such a seraglio; but, after joining Asia to Europe by a bridge, and scourging the sea for disobedience, he was glad to make his escape from a handful of enemies in a skiff. It might seem invidious to draw any parallel betwixt this expedition, and a recent one to the Texel! *Julius Cæsar* blubbered like a whipt school-boy, at recollecting that he was unknown in the world at an age when Alexander was both the admiration and master of it. Fired with emulation, he conquered his country's enemies, and then enslaved her. When we add to this baseness the vile means by which he strove to maintain his power—by being the husband of every wife, and the wife of every husband in Rome, we must, at least, set him

down as a *common buffoon*. Who can read the lives of the subsequent Cæsars, (three or four excepted) without feeling the utmost contempt for such extravagant fools. The unnatural debaucheries of *Tiberius*, in the island of Caprœa; the incests of *Caligula;* his cockle-shell expedition; (to be equalled only by those of the D—— of Y——, Sir James P——, and General W——;) his raising his horse to the highest office of state; (we have seen many an ass there;) his infamous wish that the people of Rome had but one neck, that he might signalize himself by cutting them all off at one blow; and his ordering himself to be worshipped as a god, till a dagger proved his mortality. The stupidity of *Claudius Nero*, the blind cuckold of those two infamous wretches, Messalina

and Agrippina; the former of whom he put to death, and was himself poisoned by the latter. The bestialities of *Domitius Nero*, the parricide, fiddler, stage player, and catamite, who finished all by executing the hangman's office on himself. The avarice of *Vespasian*, who taxed even urine. The combined lust, cruelty, avarice, and scandalous artifices of *Commodus Antoninus*, the gladiator, who fell by the contrivance of his mistress, and her favorite paramour:—I say, the almost uninterrupted succession of such contemptible rogues, idiots, monsters, and fools, must sufficiently account to us for the licentiousness of the soldiery in putting up the empire for sale, and for that corruption which produced the decline and fall of the Roman empire. In this country (where

may God render *fools* as scarce as snakes in Ireland, which is very far from being the case at present); *Canute* was *fool* enough to let his courtiers tickle him into a belief that the sea would obey his commands. Edward the Fourth, and Henry the Eighth, raised large sums from the public, and landed armies in France, where the farce ended in ostentatious interviews and tournaments between the rival princes, and other such *royal follies*,—without the least benefit to the nation, in return for their vast expense. The *follies* of the Stuarts deprived them of the English crown, and, in the present day, those of the Bourbons have, perhaps, for ever severed them from those of France and Spain. The effeminacy of the Italian princes, confiding more in their confessors than

in the conquering arts of their hardy ancestors, has swept them away like dust from the face of the earth; whilst the *foolish* jealousies of the emperors of Austria and Russia, and the temporizing *folly* of the King of Prussia, have rendered them abject vassals of a once-needy adventurer. Add to all these *follies*, our own *foolish* expeditions, under still more *foolish* generals, to the continent of Europe, the island of Ferrol, and Buenos Ayres—and who can be astonished that the whole face of Europe is changed—that kings have been compelled to act as allies with a man whom they despised and detested, and by whom they had been insulted and trampled upon, against their own dearest interests, relatives, and natural allies—that queens have been reduced to stigmatise their husbands,

and issue as cuckolds and bastards, and have been dethroned, after having been thus ignominiously treated as *egregious fools?* We most earnestly pray to God (with Rabelais) that he will send them more sense, and ourselves more money. Our only glimpse of hope is, that, as the tyrant of Europe is not exempt from *human follies*, he will try at something beyond his strength, and be wedged, like Milo, in attempting to rive a tree, till he perish miserably. Some dust-licking doctors of a certain foreign university have already transplanted him into Orion's belt, with which gross flattery the little, vain, *fool* was highly tickled. So that you see we have instances of imperial and regal *folly*, even at the present day.

Mundungus.—I must confess, that you

have adduced a long train of evidence, which, I can conceive, may be extended to far greater lengths.

Grumblerius.—Aye — far beyond what you may suppose; the conduct of some of the very best of them will justify the old adage of "*Birds of a feather flock together;*" as we may gather from historians and poets, that kings were so much attached to *fools*, as to have them ever about their persons.—One of the greatest, as well as justest of the Eastern sovereigns, the caliph Haroun Alraschid, maintained a fool, named Balahoul, whose business it was to divert him.—As *familiarity breeds contempt*, this *fool* had one day the impudence to seat himself upon the caliph's throne, for which temerity he received a very plentiful shower of blows from the

cane of one of the officers. The *fool* made such a horrible outcry that the caliph heard it, and came to enquire the cause. When he was informed of the vanity of the fool's bum to associate itself with that of royalty, he, good humouredly, laughed, and endeavoured to console him under his sufferings. "It is not on my own account that I weep," said Balahoul; "it is for you I am alarmed; for if I deserve to be so severely handled for *playing the fool on the throne* for only a few minutes, what have *you* to expect, who have *played the fool there for more than ten years?*

Mundungus.—Well hit, *fool!* Never was a pill better gilt, that is, a keener satire conveyed with more humour! *Stultitiam simulare loco prudentia summa*

est.—It is the greatest wisdom to know when to play the fool seasonably.—Balahoul deserved a crown for his wit better than many of those upstart fools, on whose heads many have rained, in the present day, without their having ever said or done a good thing. I can easily conceive why kings are fonder of fools than wise men.—Royal ears are very tender organs, and the latter *mordaci raddent vero* grate them with stinging truths; but the former tickle them by mixing a sufficiency of *oil of fool.* Besides *un homme, qui rit, ne sera jamais dangereux*—a fool's bolt is soon shot and disregarded as harmless; whereas a wise man's arrow is barbed for an opposite reason.

Grumblerius.—You are right! Kings, who have been flattered into a belief of

their being superior to humanity, cannot endure to find themselves inferior to their meanest subjects, even in that court-neglected article — common sense. No wonder, then, that as wise a king as any, perhaps, on earth, should have preferred the jests of B——y R———s to the solid conversation of a Dr. J——n; or, to descend from things superlatively great, to things comparatively insignificant, that Sir W—— C——s should imbibe politics from the prattle of his barber, rather than from any of his no less loquacious, and very little more sensible, brethren of the H—— of C———.

Mundungus.—I think I can guess too why Ovid has given asses' ears to Midas.—He meant to imply that royal ears not only love to be tickled, but that they prefer

their own braying to all the music in the universe.

Grumblerius.—An ingenious explanation truly; and I begin to think my time will not be thrown away upon you. I have shown you, by one anecdote, how easy a matter it is to tickle a king into a knowledge of his being a *fool*; I will now teach you, by another, how dangerous a thing it is to drub him into a sense of it:—A certain king of Portugal was once taught *better manners*, even by one of his own foot soldiers, in a very *uncommon* manner. The story was this:—The soldier, after serving the greater part of his life as an artillery-man, was discharged as unfit for service. The king remained in arrears to him for six years pay, besides the value of a mule which had been pressed from him, in time

of war, for the king's service. He set forth his claims in a petition to the king which he presented himself. After waiting some time in fruitless attendance, he presented another petition, which the king received, and gave to one of his suite. However, as this met with the fate of the first, he presented a third; but the king, recollecting the man's face, pushed it on one side, saying: "Fellow, why do you plague me thus with your petitions?" The old soldier was obliged to retire; but, sullen and thoughtful, he thus reasoned with himself: "I have served the king the better part of my life—I am now old, and he owes me money,—yet he not only refuses to pay me, but treats me with contempt;—*I will have satisfaction!*" Accordingly, he provided himself with a trusty *cudgel*, with

which (Oh, ye Gods!) he was determined to *dust his majesty's jacket*, the next morning, as he went out to hunt. With this design, he planted himself with the utmost composure at the park-gate of the palace of Villa Viciosa; and just as his majesty came through, he hammered away like a London dustman upon his poor jack-ass, and continued this *uncourtierlike* behaviour, till he was seized and pinioned. The attendants, in their fury, would have instantly dispatched him, if they had not been prevented by the king, who ordered them to spare his life. The soldier was closely confined, and all his acquaintance, friends, and relations, were imprisoned, to find out who had instigated him to so rash an action as that of *putting a flea* into the ear of majesty; but all enquiries proved fruitless,

as it did not appear that he had any accomplices, but had acted merely from a principle of taking satisfaction for the king's injustice. What became of the poor fellow afterwards was never known: but the army owed him this piece of service, that their arrears were shortly after paid.—Whatever disrespect he showed to the royal hide, certain it is that no man, not even our great and glorious commander-in-chief, (whose life may God preserve by keeping him at home!) deserved better the appellation of—a *soldier's friend.*

Mundungus.—A king, who would merit the appellation of *the Father of his People*, should never shut his ears against the complaints of the meanest of his subjects.—Nothing tends to conciliate the minds of inferiors so forcibly as an affable

and condescending demeanor in their superiors. William the First, Prince of Orange, would return the salute of the meanest mechanic, and observed to a person who condemned so much condescension, that an honest man's good will was cheaply purchased at the small expense of a bow.

Grumblerius.—I allow this to have been sound policy in William; but it will only render more *glaringly foolish*, the opposite conduct of James the First of England, of pedantic memory.—He who made such a ridiculous exclamation against the intoxicating qualities of tobacco, loved the pleasures of the table to excess; would get *princely drunk* with his royal brother of Denmark, and accept invitations from his most wealthy subjects.

Osborne, if I am not mistaken, records the following anecdote of his *gratitude* and *politeness*. Having received a magnificent treat, and thanked his host for his civility, he had no sooner reached the porch than he let a f—— to convey to all his courtiers, his *real* sense of his obligation to his kind entertainer.

Mundungus.—Such *foolish conduct* will easily account for the contempt which his subjects entertained for him, and for the revolution which, in the third following succession, deprived his family of the crown. Is it not lamentable, that kings do not oftener find friends wise and bold enough to teach them their true interest?

Grumblerius.—It is so; but their mode of education prevents their seeking, or even wishing to find such friends.—

Encircled, from their infancy, by parasites and self-interested sycophants, modest merit will not undergo the drudgery of breaking through the phalanx, especially when, after all, his services may prove disgusting to a mind diseased by prejudices. —All Buchanan's precepts had little weight against the flatteries of the youthful James; and when he was reproached with having made nothing but a pedant of him, he justly observed, that it was a wonder he had made so much of him.

Early habits are rarely, if ever, to be shaken off; and, as imbecility of intellect is utterly incompatible with the firmness of real friendship, history affords us no instancess of royal favourites, who have not been as weak, vicious, *foolish*, and contemptible, as their masters.—Witness

the Gavestons, de Spensers, Carrs, Mortimers, Bothwells, Buckinghams, in our own annals, who either fell sacrifices to a change in the royal sentiments, or to the vengeance of an insulted people, from which their imbecile masters were unable to preserve them.—The following *jeu d'esprit* will show the value of royal friendship; and that the death of a *dear friend* may even cost a king—a *jest*, provided he be possessed of a more than a common portion of regal sensibility:—Louis XIII. could never be without a favourite, and Cardinal Richlieu, hated by every one about the king, gave him one in the person of Elliat Cinq Mars, that he might have a creature of his own about the throne. This youth was no sooner made master of the horse, than he wanted

to be one of the council; and the Cardinal, who opposed it, had immediately an irreconcileable enemy in him. The king, who was disgusted at the minister's pride and state, imparted his dislike to his favourite, whom he always termed his *dear friend*, and this confidence emboldened Cinq Mars to plot against him. He proposed to the king to have him assassinated; but the power of the favorite growing on the wane, he conceived no less a hatred against the king than Richlieu. He carried on a correspondence with the Duke de Bouillon, and the king's brother, and Richlieu's good fortune discovered the plot and the treaty of the conspirators with pain. Cinq Mars was convicted, and beheaded at Lyons. At the hour appointed for his execution, the king

pulled out his watch, and turning to the surrounding courtiers, said, with a smile, "I fancy *our dear friend* cuts but a sorry figure just now!"

Mundungus.—What a wretched creature is one of those upstarts, exposed by the insolence of his giddy brain to the malignant jealousy of his rivals, to the caprice of a weak master, and to the contempt and indignation of a loyal people, who scorn to receive even the commands of royalty at second-hand! and what a pretty sort of a being to rule others, is that king, who is *fool* enough to put himself out to dry nurse to one of these despicable wretches, and to totter like an infant in leading strings!

Grumblerius.—And yet—these are the Lord's annointed, the *jure divino* men,

the—but you shall hear what titles some of them arrogate to themselves. The Emperor of the Turks is—Lord of lords, king of kings, glorious, great, invincible, and even victorious; disposer of crowns to the greatest princes upon earth; supreme master of both seas, and all countries adjacent; lord of the east and west.—The king of Persia is—king of kings; heir of the firmament.—This fellow certainly makes a great bounce, but he is outdone by the king of Siam,—who is king of Heaven and earth, and brother to the sun.—The emperor of China is styled—Thiencu and Hoamgthi, the son of Heaven, and lord of the earth.—The emperor of Abyssinia is—king of kings, and the shadow of God spread over the earth.—Who, then, can wonder that a young

prince, generally surrounded by the scum of the earth, and taught to believe himself worthy to inherit such titles, merely from birth, without any other qualification or attainment, should be a *fool* all his days?—How much better would it be, both for royal expectants, and their future subjects, if the former were habituated to hear the truth, as was formerly the custom among the Arragonese? Whoever was elected their king, kneeled down, with his head uncovered, whilst a magistrate, appointed for that purpose, and who kept his hat on his head, swore him to observe their laws and privileges. After the oath had been taken, the people, by the mouth of the magistrate, acknowledged him for their king in the following terms:—"We, *who are as good as you*, constitute and appoint

you our king, upon condition that you will preserve our privileges and immunities, and not otherwise."—This was as it should be. A king and his people should always talk *plain language* to each other, as a good understanding would beget such confidence and harmony as could be shaken by no external violence. We ourselves, although not so impolitic as to claim *equality* with our monarch on the very eve of his coronation, nevertheless compel him to swear, to govern the kingdom according to the statutes in parliament agreed on, and the laws and customs of the same; but, to counterbalance this *seeming* shackle upon royalty, some ingenious courtiers have found out so many modes of being up with us, by making us swear allegiance, supremacy,

abjuration, custom-house, excise, income and property tax, oaths, besides those of the law, that there is not such another *swearing pack of fools* on the face of the globe. A king, indeed, may break his oath with impunity, if his conscience will permit him to do so; but a subject may not, without danger of the *pillory:* which is, therefore, one of the distinctions between king and subject. The gallows is another distinction betwixt king and people; because it would infallibly become a supporter to any subject, who should be detected in infringing the royal prerogative of cunning.—Indeed, it is very remarkable that all nations, civilized as well as savage, according to the modern jargon, should agree in making their rulers *outlaws*, or *above laws*,—a prerogative allowed to none

others, but infants, and *non compotes mentis*. It should seem, however, that this droll prerogative has been an essential prop to majesty, since a French author, M. Mercier, tells us, that, in the sixteenth century, an artist had inscribed on a farthing, all the *wise kings*, whose names had been handed down to us, and that there was still room left for more;—perhaps a continuation to the present time would not fill up the blank space. And another author, of the same nation, M. Marmontel, makes the daughter of his *Connoisseur* to say, that history was not worth reading, for the sake of seeing, in all ages, *illustrious madmen and rogues, sporting with a crowd of fools*.—Do you require any more authorities on this head?

Mundungus.—None.—But, whence is

it so difficult, nay almost, as it appears, so impossible, a thing, to convince a monarch, that his true glory is the people's honour—his greatness, their protection—his safety, their security—his content, their ease and happiness?

Grumblerius.—You forget that I have already attributed it to their mode of education.—Courts are so thronged with *parasites*, that, should a young prince chance to have a good master allotted to him, which it is one thousand to one against his having, as the office is generally filled by measure of interest, and not of wisdom, their pernicious flattery will choke up all his wholesome instructions, as weeds will overtop useful herbs. Thus, one of the ladies of honor having demanded of Buchanan, with a goggle-eyed

mixture of surprize, horror, and indignation, how he dared to flog the lord's anointed? he coolly replied, "Madam, I have wipt his a——e, it is true, and you may now kiss it, if you please." If the preceptor, therefore, wishes to do his duty, as an honest man, the parasites never fail to represent him to the young prince as a pedagogue—a monster. They render him averse to the labour of scholastic study, by representing it as useless to any body but a *country parson*, and even there, only to a *journeyman curate*, who must keep school to eke out his ways and means. They render him averse to the solidity of mental treasures, by laying down exterior graces, and dignified deportment, as the essentials of princely acquirements. Every *etourderie*, uttered by the

young blockhead, is received with feigned ecstacy ; every step, although scarcely more graceful than the waddle of a goose, is applauded as a pattern of ease. At the age of twelve or fourteen he is initiated into the mystery of *double entendre*, by gloating dames, and glowing maids of honor, and taught to believe himself a prodigy of wisdom, whilst only the but of as great *fools* as himself, but with a little more experience. The *heir apparent*, therefore, instead of making himself acquainted with the important events and great men recorded in history ; instead of gaining an insight into the laws of nations, and particularly those of the kingdom which he is about to govern, may learn gallantry, gambling, bottle draining, table clearing, and, as a natural consequence,

the art of getting into debt. If he be possessed of superior emulation, he will make one among jockey clubs, black legs, rooks, and pigeons; drive four in hand, and patronize boxing and other elegant arts. He will then be deemed an *accomplished* prince, and will, no doubt, make an accomplished king. Nothing more is required now a day, as the art of government is reduced to head or tail; that is, the choice of a minister, as will be seen hereafter under its proper head. The younger fry, too, will burn to cut a figure some how or other, and therefore they may qualify themselves by the same modes for becoming *accomplished* generals, admirals, and politicians. We cannot, however, help smiling at the *folly* of those princely commanders, who seek to

carry the *etiquette* of courts into the field of battle, or upon the quarter-deck of a man of war. The only way for a commander to ensure victory, is to make himself beloved by his soldiers; and the mode of gaining that love is to familiarize himself with them, befriend them, and seem pleased with their uncourtly manner of expressing and showing their attachment. A soldier, or sailor, although pretty much of slaves, have very little of the civet of a courtier about them, because they never can forget that they are men. Nay, so very unlike are they to that spaniel-crew, that (strange to tell!) picquetting, cobbing, flogging, and other like *gentle means* of conciliating their affections, have had so contrary an effect, that the most loyal soldiers in the universe, with impro-

per treatment, have become mutinous, and one of these princely cat-o'nine-tail commanders owed his life to a retreat without beat of drum. Another, who by repeated defeats had entirely lost the confidence of his soldiers, ordered them to cut off their *queues*, that, in case of future retreats, they might not be charged with turning tail to the enemy. Flog away, gentlemen; mind the frills of the shirts; tie on tails, or cut them off; make a d——d bustle as though you knew something; but a word in your ears—*It is impossible to disguise an ass as a war-horse.*—One of these flogging heroes, who was wisely kept from making any more marks of his prowess on the backs of his own soldiers, (God knows, he never made one on an enemy's!) absolutely turned his house into a garrison,

paraded his men regularly at meal times, examined the frills of their shirts, and served out their rations of meat and small beer by measure and weight; which exercise, with the solace of a French dancer or actress, was his sole employment. So Dionysius, the tyrant, when he could no longer rule over men, became a pedagogue, and flogged little boys!! The art of getting into debt may be common to them all; and, if duns should be very pressing, and people wearied out, as they will be, with repeated begging and extravagance, they may give proof of their *honor and honesty*, by *compounding* for payment of their debts by installments, not to exceed ten or a dozen years.

Mundungus.—But how will such conduct appear in the eyes of the world?—

Princes who have lost their credit and reputation, resemble merchants, who are verging on a bankruptcy; for all men immediately call in their loyalty and respect from the former, as they do their money from the latter.

Grumblerius. Psha! Princes are too enlightened now-a-day, to trouble their heads about such vulgar prejudices.

Mundungus. But *composition* with creditors is a vulgar practice.

Grumblerius. True, when resorted to by vulgar persons; but every act of a prince is ennobled, and as remote from vulgarity as *Brompton* is from *Kensington*, or as a *man* of *Kent* is from a *Kentish man.*

Mundungus. Cry you mercy! I was to learn that distinction.

Grumblerius. Then—though the people should have bestowed immense sums on these prodigals, who should never have troubled their heads about them, but when they wanted their assistance; yet, whenever the people, groaning under their immense burthens, should intreat to be relieved from some few unnecessary ones, they may shew their *gratitude* by uniformly opposing their wishes. Princes should never do any thing like common men, if they would not be suspected of having something of humanity in them. Again—should the people, on any vast emergency, such as the rescue of Europe from the fangs of a merciless despot, and universal dominionist, deprecate the sending out one of these luckless, *princely* commanders, at the head of the brave army, and

sigh for a *real* commander, who has had the art of gaining, and the good fortune of preserving, the confidence of the soldiery, it would be great to act in direct opposition to them, and teach them the *folly* of wishing. D——n the rogues, what business have they to think for themselves.

'———— a vile submissive train!
Fortune's tame *fools*, and slaves in ev'ry reign.'

Mundungus. I doubt which would be the greatest *fools*—princes who could conduct themselves in such a manner, or people who would be so abject as tamely to submit to it.

Grumblerius. I remember once being shocked at seeing a sand man, whose ass, ill fed and overburthened, fainted under its load, irritated at being unable to rouze

it by repeated merciless blows over its head as well as crupper deliberately cut off one of its ears. Yet the poor creature only mildly looked the reproach of ingratitude at the brute, to whose existence he had long administered. Cannot you find me a parallel to this in politics?

Mundungus In France, perhaps, under the old regime.

Grumblerius. No doubt, the sandman and his ass have been seen in France, as well as I myself once saw them in England. But now we will bid adieu to kings, princes, sandmen, and asses, and, according to our proposed plan of discussion, descend to—*Nobility.*

Mundungus. But you have not said a word about *queens.*

Grumblerius. Nor mean I to mention

them, except to advise them not to be *queans;* or, if their temperament be too hot for controul, not to boast of their shame, and flirt *cuckold* and *bastards* in the face of their husbands and children. People will lose their respect for crowned heads, and tails too, if they are known to be so frail, which might end in *democracy*—a system that cannot be too much deprecated. Let queens play with the *tail* of *a whale (de balenâ, rex habeat caput, et regina candam,)* or the tail of any thing else; but let them never meddle with the helm of state, lest they disclose their weakness, that is, *folly*. We may boast of a bright instance of female forbearance in this respect. But to the nobility, and particularly such of them as form what is termed *the Court*, that is, bask in the royal sunshine. The rest are,

as it were, in eclipse, longing for the removal of the chill, interposing planet, which causes their darkness.

Mundungus. This, I take it, is the true distinction between the *ins* and *outs*, about whom so much noise is made.

Grumblerius. Just so; and the two parties resemble the earth and moon, which eclipse each other by intercepting the rays of the sun, that is, the royal favor. In endeavouring to effect this, there is so much shifting, shuffling, tricking, nicking, shoving, rising, falling, (particularly among the females) underhand, backstairs, elbow-me-in, and jostle-him-out, work, that a courtier has been aptly styled a *Proteus.* The court has been likened to a shop with wares in it for all kinds of customers; there is hope for some, who are to be fed

at a small expense; there are titles for the ambitious; pleasures for the young and wanton; places for the busy; and bribes, to be closely conveyed, for such as desire to maintain an appearance of honesty, and betray their trust but now and then in important matters. With these baits and allurements, princes easily drag into their nets the unthinking gentlemen of the land, thereby poisoning the fountain head, and sapping the foundation of the political institution. Besides the planetary system already mentioned, the motions of courtiers have been said to resemble those of a country dance:—

You first lead up, then turn about,
Join hands as tho' they'd part no more:
Strike off again, turn in, turn out,
Then stand just as you were before.
Whilst thus they dance, you may be certain,
The music plays behind the curtain.

Like the sun-flower, court personages have their faces turned towards the sun, because, to turn tail on majesty would be construed into—*kiss*, *&c.* an indignity never offered to royalty, unless by angry, half-starved patriots, and *unpensioned* poets. No *automata*, therefore, can be more regular in their motions in the royal presence, which are so uniform that the whole might be performed by wooden puppets. Their evolutions are exhibited with much parade, and numberless trapping, to charm and astound the eyes of *fools*; so that a court, on a *levée* day, resembles the platforms before the show-booths in Bartholomew fair; and, like them, too, the best of the show is to be seen without, and very little but *mummery* behind the curtain. The progenitors of these *worthies*

may be ranked in three classes—the sons of royal illegitimate amours, of steel, and of trade. The first class is the highest, because the moiety of royal blood, which runs through the veins of a king's bastard, is supposed to render him more than equal to a full-blooded nobleman. The second class, or those descended from warriors of days of yore, assume the distinction of the *old nobility*, from their being able to trace their families back to the iron times of chivalry and crusade. The third class are termed the *new nobility*, and are regarded by the other two classes as mere mushrooms, on account of their having but lately emerged from the obscure origins of the learned professions, or trade. This last class *sing very small*, until a couple of centuries, and a vamped up, purchased,

pedigree have thrown a mist over their real origins; when they insolently boast of their *ancient* house and honors, and scowl contempt on the butterflies, which have lately emerged from their crysalite state. Nobles, therefore, are *caterpillars* in their origin, *crysales* in their creation, and *butterflies* in their maturity. Like the caterpillar host, too, they are extremely voracious, and very destructive to the possessions of the laborious classes, being never to be satiated.—You must have observed, when garbage is thrown into a trough, how a herd of swine push, shove, nozzle, grunt, bite, rub their rumps against, and contend with, each other for the tempting fare: just so it is with hungry courtiers, scrambling for what they term the *loaves and fishes*; that is, the public plunder. And

yet, though the sole dependence of the younger branches is entirely on the public, from whom they themselves emerged at a more or less distant period, they affect to be a different species of *animals*, and look down upon their *fellow creatures* (pardon me, nobility, for using such a familiar expression!) with as much disdain as a peacock would show in strutting by a goose. Their very blood they would have believed to be refined, although the hot temperament of the pampered females of quality, and their excessive itch for gambling, with which most of them have been innoculated, have entailed the titles and estates of their lords on a bastard and plebeian progeny of black legs, sharpers, grooms, postilions, and footmen. Pride of every kind is contemptible, but the pride

of ancestry is the most ridiculous of all, since it is wholly fortuitous, and not the meed of merit. My lord A. and lady, or miss, B. are to come together, according to the mode of people of quality, that is to say, without knowing, or concerning themselves, whether there be the least congeniality of temper. As interest alone is consulted, it is not expected that they should not detest each other after a short acquaintance, but the regulations of the *beau monde* (God confound such jargon! As if one part of the creation was more beautiful than another!) require that they should conceal their bickerings from all the world, *except their own servants*, whose prying eyes cannot be always eluded. In order to keep the estate in the family, or, in plain English, to prevent *creditors* from laying

their profane hands on any part of it, the intended bridegroom and bride, or their parents, convey the estates to trustees for the benefit of the eldest son, (be he a booby or not) and charge it with *one year's* value to each of the younger children, be they ever so deserving of more. By this *foolish*—one might say, *fraudulent, act,* were it not countenanced by a *foolish law,* they deprive themselves of all judgment as to the future disposition of their property; confess themselves dead in law, and are, in nine cases out of ten, despised for so doing by their eldest son, whom they have foolishly rendered wholly independent of themselves.—But then, the *family pride* is supported!—Yes, and often times too, at the expense of the comforts of some score honest, industrious tradesmen, who

have contributed their stocks to support this pride, in hopes of a suitable return. Sir Samuel Romilly deserves a monument (were it the only meritorious act of his life) for his attempt to unfetter these knavish entails, and make the estates subject to the just demands of creditors. But of what use can one *honest man be among six hundred — honourable gentlemen?* — To return to the point: my young lord is brought up as if he had been sent into the world merely for the purpose of vegetating in the family mansion, and succeeding to the family title and estate. He very soon learns to think that this cannot happen too soon, and he is approached only by sycophants, who feed the peccant humours of his disposition. He need not trouble himself to learn to read, for he

will be a *peer*, nor to write, unless his name to a frank, or deed of conveyance. Thus the title and estates descend through a long string of *illustrious fools*. With these *plough-boy* qualifications, he takes his seat in the first assembly in the nation, where, as every thing is carried by a majority, a *fool's aye* will weigh against a *wise man's no*; and, having no rule of judgment, or knowledge of national concerns, he swims with the stream of absurd prejudice, in which he has been brought up to think, that *merit* is not requisite where there is *high birth*—and supports *reversionary grants*, although the execrations of a virtuous, and burthened, people pursue him for it. But, as Shakespeare says:

"The night is long that never finds the day."

Well — when this *dishonest game* of *family settlements* has been played from generation to generation, through two or three ages, the family is styled, and, as it were, ennobled, (if not really so by a royal patent) by the term of a *good family*, or an ancient family; by which latter appellation, perhaps, is meant one older than derived in the common way from Adam and Eve.—*Risum teneatis?*—Talents and genius make the real distinction, and all else is essence of asses' milk for fools.—A king, not the division of a hair from a driveller, shall confer a title which, by hereditary descent, may devolve upon one who is no less an ideot than the king who bestowed it. Lord, how the multitude of *fools* gape at this ideot as the work of majesty, without considering that majesty itself is

only the manufacture of such *fools* as themselves. So did the foolish Israelites make to themselves a golden calf, and then fell down on their faces and worshiped it. What dotards—But let us have an anecdote, which will set this matter in a clearer light than volumes written on the subject:—A nobleman of Portugal, who had risen through his own merit from obscurity, happened to fall into company with some grandees of ancient families, who wished to rail at his infant nobility. They therefore turned the discourse on the honors derived from their ancestors many ages back, whose achievements they extolled to the skies. When it came to the nobleman's turn to speak, the company were ready to burst with laughter, supposing he must leave the room overwhelmed

with confusion; but to their own shame and astonishment, he soon turned the tables upon them by this manly discourse: —"My lords, I acknowledge that all of you have given a very flattering account of the great deeds of your ancestors; but from this I can only gather that the honors you enjoy were handed down to you by hereditary succession: now, my case, thank Heaven, is widely different: I have the virtuous satisfaction of saying, that I obtained all my honors by my own immediate actions, and shall leave *my successors to boast of them!*"

Mundungus.—But, surely, you do not mean to agree that all the young nobility are equally ignorant?

Grumblerius.—With very few exceptions.

Mundungus.—You must, however, recollect that there have been such men as Buckingham, Lansdowne, Lauderdale, Rochester, Roscommon, Bolingbroke—and have we not at present—

Grumblerius.—Aye, whom have we at present?—Let us see—lord M—o, the rhapsodist—lord B—n, the minor—and—and—though not within the pale of nobility, Sir John C—r, KNIGHT and TRAVEL-MONGER.—Rare lists, eh?

Mundungus.—But as our universities swarm with young noblemen, surely some of them must bring away a stock of learning.

Grumblerius. — Pshaw! — They enter themselves at the universities for the name of the thing, and because it is the fashion —that is all! Colleges and libraries!—mere

stuff!—your coffee-houses are the only repertories for such as have never learnt, or have forgotten Latin and Greek.—The *magazines* afford history, divinity, philosophy, mathematics, geography, astronomy, biography, arts, sciences, and poetry.—The REVIEWS form the complete critic, without consulting the dry rules of Aristotle, Quintilian and Bossu; and enable the student to pass his judgment on volumes which he never read.—NOVELS supply the place of experience, and give lectures of intrigue and gallantry.—OCCASIONAL POEMS diffuse the itch of rhyming, and haplessly tempt many young fellows with the *cacoëthes scribendi* pastoral, lyric, or elegiac trash.—POLITICAL PAMPHLETS, and Newspapers, give an insight into the blunders of the D— of P—, lord

C—r—h, M. P—r—l, and other cabinet old women, of the present day. As there are books adapted to every taste, so, also, there are liquors suited to every species of reading. *Amorous tales* may be perused over *arrack punch and jellies; insipid odes* over *orgeat* or *capillaire; politics* over coffee; *divinity* over *port*; and *bad defences* of *bad generals*, and bad ministers, over *whipt syllabub!* so that university learning can no longer be deemed a *dry* study. Then the colleges, or halls, are far more numerous than we commonly suppose. There are the *tennis courts*, for exercise; the *dancing schools*, vulgarly termed *hop-shops*, at which lord H— P— qualified himself for the *chancellorship* of the *exchequer;* the *billiard tables*, where the *laws* of *motion* are exemplified,

and which afford a supplement to our courses of *experimental philosophy;* the *nine-pin* and *skittle* alley, where we get an insight into *geometry*, and the *centripetal principle*. Besides, *navigation* is learnt on the *Isis* or *Cam; Gunnery*, by shooting pigeons, ducks, pigs, or fowls, on the adjacent farms; *horsemanship* on hacks; the *axis* in *peritrochio*, is described in a phaeton; and *patience*, *humility* and *prudence*, may be learnt on *pennyless-bench*.

Mundungus.—This is a degrading picture which you make of our young nobility.—It must be surcharged.

Grumblerius.—Take your walk through St. James's Street, Bond Street, Hyde Park, and look into Tattersall's, and you will see and hear it all verified. A great fortune to a fool is a great misfortune; but

the greatest misfortune of all is to be *high-born*, without possessing any other merit, since birth attracts the eyes of all, and pleases only when properly accompanied. One of these haughty, vain *fools*, was seasonably and severely reproved in the following terms: "You are always boasting," said his acquaintance, "of your rank; instead of which, were you to conceal it, men would despise you less."

Mundungus.—It is certainly true that education makes the man; and if our young nobility are really so destitute of learning, as you say they are——

Grumblerius.—I have already informed yon in what manner they pass their time in the Universities; I will now explain to you, their launching into life. A suit of rooms,

for instance, is to be purchased for about seven hundred guineas—

Mundungus.—Seven hundred guineas for three rooms!

Grumblerius.—Aye, seven hundred guineas!—As a particular favor; mark, as a particular favor; and if you have the money to pay for them, I can introduce you to a set in a certain street at the court end of the town—where you must pay that sum—a mere trifle when you are fully acquainted with all its most convenient advantages.—A sprig of nobility, for instance, or a *sprout* of a *cabbage vender*, *c'est la méme chose*, if he possess only the grand essential, "*beaucoup d'argent*," purchases a set here, and his proprietorship is a passport into all the *fashionable* circles.—"Think of that, master Brook!

—think of that!"—It was, I believe, originally intended as an establishment for M. P.'s—as a convenient resort for such members of both houses, if such there were, as were unmarried; or, whose attendance to their duties was an object paramount to every other consideration!—Ha! ha! ha!—members of parliament, indeed!—Members of Jockey Clubs!—Whip Clubs!—Cricket Clubs!—Funny Clubs!—Spouting! *id est*, Debating Clubs!—Members of any thing, save parliament, were the occupiers of these fashionable depôts.—Oh! how delightful it must be to have your dancing master—your maitre á la hair trigger—your boxing master—your pimp, or delicious carver of delicious tit bits, always about you.—What have you to do with books?—Books, indeed! what are

Puffendorf, Montesquieu, Calonne, or Neckar?—dry, dull, pedantic stuff!

Mundungus.—But, my dear Sir! are books never resorted to by them—to open —to relax the mind—to——

Grumblerius.—To do what, my young friend?—Why, yes, Ovid's Epistles, Aristotle, and the Woman of Pleasure, are resorted to to *relax* the mind; and the Key, in Chandos Street, is used to *open* it! I know of no other books, except those of a similar tendency, that are in demand there. Why, what an enviable sight it must be to behold one of these *honorable gentlemen* make his exit and his entrance from the Temple of Cytherea, in, perhaps, Saint Giles's, to the Temple of debate in Saint Stephen's;—how deeply impressed his mind must be with the

subject before the house, after the scenes he has just left; and it must be acknowledged, that the following schools are admirably calculated to form the finished statesman.— Whites and Boodles teach him calculation—the Boxing Schools teach him fortitude—the Stables complete him in elegance of dress and speech—and the Bagnio experiences him in all the vicissitudes, —I will call it the *ups* and *downs*—of life, and lets him fully, at the same time, into all the shuffling, cutting, cogging, painting, patching, intriguing, deceptive arts, so indispensably necessary for the duties of his station.—How can we fail succeeding in every measure of aggrandizement, when we have such pillars as these to support the grand fabric of our constitution?—Well may our expeditions

be celebrated for their secrecy and unparalleled dispatch—well may surrounding Nations envy us our military appointments,—enviable indeed is our state!—It falls to the lot of few powers to be enriched with the thrice-renowned genius of a W—el—e!—with such commanders, what have we to fear?—Fear?—by the great right hand of Achilles! we have but to appear in the field, and our dispatches will equal "the Roman in brevity;"—we need only say *Veni, Vidi et Fugi!*—

Mundungus.—But, Sir, you will, I hope, allow that we have many gallant officers in our army, who possess genius to plan, and courage to execute any enterprize, however difficult?

Grumblerius.—Allow it?—Yes; I do

allow it: and it is with shame I see such gallant veterans either overlooked, or trampled upon by a young red-coated civet, whose only merit is his full purse!—What must be the feelings of the old soldier, who has fought and conquered ere the minikin was "mewling and puling in his nurse's arms?" To be not only treated with the most supercilious contempt, but to be spurned; aye, "as you would a stranger-cur across your threshold," by this popinjay, whose purse, or the smiling intercession of a fair lady, has thus placed over the head of sterling merit! What must be the feeling of a veteran private, whilst smarting under the cane of such a hero?—Will he not, think you, bear a grateful recollection of the obligations such acts as these have laid him under, if he should

ever have an opportunity?—What a blow!—such a blow! and so given!—to such a soldier!—"Oh, let it not be said!"

Mundungus.—But, Grumblerius, is it not indispensably necessary, in order to maintain strict discipline, that correction should be sometimes resorted to?

Grumblerius.—What do you mean by strict discipline?—I would punish a man for theft, murder, or any act of criminality, in proportion to the enormity of the offence;—but I would not strike a man across the face, because his hat fell off.—Excellent, most excellent, was the following exclamation of a veteran officer to one of these *Marmozets*, on a similar occasion: "That's right, Sir!—That's right!—Strike the rascal!—for you know he dare not return the blow!"—No, no, my young

man; whilst such is the hopeful state of our military arrangements, hopeless indeed is our chance of beholding again the days of Cressy, Poictieurs, or Agincourt.—Let merit, Sir, head our battalions from the Serjeant to the General, and we have nothing to fear!—Let a noble stimulus be held out to our bold *Yeomen*;—banish all venal contractors from our Army List—hoist the glorious standard of *Palmam qui meruit ferat*—and then my friend—

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
"And we shall shock them!"---

But it is not alone in the army that folly holds her court;—no, no; her votaries are numerous as the sands of the sea, and you will find—

Mundungus.—I beg pardon for inter-

rupting you, my dear Sir, but really I cannot see such cause for censure as you do.

Grumblerius.—And what is the reason?—simply this; your youthful mind can look upon nothing but what you call the bright side of the picture—that is, the flattering, harlot-like deception which folly cloaks herself in—which, because it bears a specious appearance, you will not give yourself the trouble of investigating, nor of drawing aside the veil which prejudice has placed before your eyes; and which would enable you to discover this—

"Goodly apple, rotten at the Core."

But yet I am not surprized that your belief is staggered at my relation;—to a youth, emerging into the world, whose only

knowledge of men is derived from books, such accounts must appear strange.—You have, at school, been accustomed to consider every description of rank, title, and quality, from the monarch to the mountebank, as they should be, not as they are; for, now, my good Sir, to such a pitch of metamorphose are our nobility of the present day arrived, that it is the most difficult thing in nature to discover the peasant from the prince.—Their dresses are the same—their addresses are the same; —his grace dresses like a groom,—so does the common black leg.— His lordship eats, drinks, walks, talks, laughs, and quaffs, with pickpockets, sharpers, bruisers, bull-baiters, cock-feeders, and cock-fighters,— so does the common black leg; and, indeed, to the very nicest minutiæ of compari-

son, the one treads so closely on the heels of the other "he galls his kibe." I had an instance of this, which I will relate to you, in a benefit mock-bruising, or sparring meeting, of the thrice-renowned Daniel Pedrosa:—Curiosity, and a wish to "sound the very base string of humility," induced me to attend the dinner,—for a dinner commenced, and sparring ended, the *sports* of the day.—Little did I imagine that one-third of the company was composed of the sons of right honorables, senators, and warriors,—not of the fist,—which turned out to be the case: and the peer shook the pick-pocket by the hand with the most cordial familiarity. The following is part of the conversation which passed between Dutch Slang and the right honorable lord Quick-sight:

L. Q.—Well, my boy, how stands the clinkum on Gregson in the last battle—eh?

D. S.—D--mn---ly punished, there, by G-d! my—lord in for two hundred, bl-st me!

L. Q.—I was also hard hit;—received a body pop in that business—cross buttocked for a thousand—but can't you flash the biter?

D. S.—Can't bubble the twaddler there; no, bl-st me! nicked Old Easy on the Chicken-lay before; must come the go here,—or smash——

L. Q.—D——nat--n unfortunate that; for I have none of the ready—however, a seat in the house secures me from the soap and candle concern: only it has too

much in the flash (if I cut this) to raise a bite a second time * * * * *

Here my attention was called off by the entrance of a bailiff and his follower, who instantly seized the great hero of the fist —the redoubtable Dan—and were bearing him away to "durance vile" for a *paltry* debt of twenty pounds!—the great father of bruisers, black-legs, and black-guards, to be arrested for twenty pounds!—The thought was shocking to humanity! so—the above noble lord taking a hat, and addressing his honorable associates, in their language, tossed a guinea into it, and sent it round the table;—every one followed the example, though they would refuse to relieve the woes of a famished wretch, expiring in the street, with a shilling; no one on this occasion refused his guinea!—

The consequence was, the hero was in an instant discharged—the bailiffs kicked out—and fifty guineas remained after the release.—But mark! out of this the knowing ones who were in the secret received back their subscription—amongst whom ranked his lordship, who had so neatly bubbled the poor wide-mouthed, full-sapt, flats or fools—who knew not that the arrest was a sham one.—Dan did not owe a guinea to any man—because no man would trust him one! I was one of the fools who purchased the secret at the price of one pound one shilling; and I fancy it was better than giving to a physician, who would only have hummed and ha'd over my pulse, without being able to tell me the nature of my disease.—Now these physicians not only convinced me I was troubled with

a redundancy—not of bile—but of folly; but they applied an effectual remedy, at least *pro tempore.*

Mundungus.—Infamous degradation!—What a shameless prostitution of all they owe to noble ancestry does not such accounts as these exhibit?—My dear Grumblerius, I am here a convert to your lash of follies (to call them by no worse name) that I own I did not think existed. But I hope such instances are not general; if they are, how would the forefathers of this degenerate stock blush for their actions could they witness them?—But was not the father of the nobleman, whose name you have just mentioned, one of the greatest statesmen of the last reign?—Was he not one of the principal pillars of Whiggism?

Grumblerius.—He was so;—and your last question brings to my recollection an anecdote relating to Whiggism which you shall hear.—Having occasion to wait upon my lord Buzzard on business of a very urgent nature, in which his lordship was materially interested, I could not help feeling, on approaching the door, a sensation of esteem, respect, and awe, when I called to mind the brilliant senatorial talents of the father, and the heroic achievements of the grandfather.—On knocking at the door, I was informed, by the servant—as I then understood him—that his lordship was out, in attendance as a member of the Whig club—of which, on enquiry, I discovered he was one of the principal supporters.—This information increased, if possible, the esteem I che-

rished for his exalted name. "Ah!" said I to myself, "this is, indeed, a youth worthy of representing the successful defender of his country, both in the field and cabinet—this is, indeed, a model,—ye youths! worthy of imitation.—Instead of wasting his health and strength in the lap of riotous dissipation, behold him boldly contending for the grand palladium of our happiness, as a nation, and fearlessly endeavouring to stem the overwhelming power of a Tory faction."—I had scarcely uttered this, before an equipage, driving into the square, attracted my attention from the singularity of dress and appearance *en tout* of the coachman.—He wore a hat of scarcely three inches depth in the crown, with a brim of equal breadth,—a lounging drab great coat, in which was stuck an

enormous bouquet,—breeches which extended far below the calf of his leg, at the extremity of which dangled *sixteen strings;* and boots, if boots they could be called "which *shape* had none," met them with *shrinking* reluctance,—a cravat *à la Jehu* completed the dress of the man whose employer's caprice I thought had thus transformed into so *pitiable* a state, and I felt hurt on being informed, by the servant, that it was his lordship's carriage that was driving in.—However, thought I, not wishing to spoil the pleasant picture I had lately indulged in, 'tis perhaps—'tis perhaps a sacrifice to the fashionable whim of his lady;—but what were my sensations on discovering that this non-descript, this rankest compound of affected puppyism that ever offended decency, was,—by the

unblushing front of shame, Sir!—the right honorable Lord Buzzard himself! Yes, Sir, the man whom busy fancy had the instant before placed in my view weilding the strong and irresistible arguments of truth and conviction in support of *Magna Charta*—I now beheld weilding—what?—the strong and irresistible arguments of a long whip, and a set of reins over an animal a thousand times more noble than himself.—"Is this," I exclaimed, passionately, "is this the son of the cool reasoner, the subtle querist, the dignified, finished statesman?—Is this the grandson of the man whose name alone was a tower of strength against our foes?—Is this the leader, the support of the Whig club?"—Further enquiry, however, convinced me that I had misunderstood the servant with

a vengeance—It was the leader of the whip club, a society, I found afterwards, formed of all the fools and madmen in town and country, whose greatest ambition was to be reckoned a deep dab at the dice box, a knowing boy at billiards, a backer of bruisers, a sly cock at crim. con. and a patron of every vice and folly to be found in the character of a dasher, or, more correctly speaking, in the annals of what is termed a sporting calendar!—After waiting some time, I was ushered into the room, where I found him surrounded by several of his companions, similarly habited, and whose language, during the short time I staid, was corresponding with their dress;—a mixture of coarseness and insipidity, interlarded with *horse-jockey* terms, was conspicuous

throughout the group, whose ignorance, vanity, and self-conceited folly, appeared to reign triumphant;—well, thought I,

" A skipping, dancing, worthless, tribe ye are!
" Fit only for yourselves, ye herd together;
" And when the circling glass warms your vain hearts,
" You talk of beauties that you never saw,
" And fancy raptures that you never felt."

ROWE.

But whilst I am shewing you the glaring follies of our youthful nobility, of the present day, it may not be amiss to take a view of what I shall call a modern system of tour making. — Formerly, curiosity would whisper to our noble youths, stimulated by a theoretical view of nature, whilst immured within the close-pent walls of a college—this description is but a daub!

but a mere water colour—nature disowns such a portrait;—to be convinced, see it yourself;—then, our youths had an impulse worthy the object in view;—then we looked forward to their return to explanations of doubts—to confirmations of opinion—and we were rarely disappointed;—now, Sir, a dasher, or what is synonymous, a young man of family, of the present day, makes, for instance, the tour of Wales;—his first letters teem with what?—of course a descriptive view of the beauties which have met his eye in each day's progress. Lord bless you!—he writes to say, that Snarler and Sloven are both lame in the off foot;—that Drowsy refused the whip three times up the hills of ————, and that, as for Miss Slim (for he drives four) she was knocked up the second stage; and that

if he cannot drive four in hand ten miles at a burst, he would not give a d—n for all the views in Christendom;—and this is another of our "*hopes of the land!*"—This is—but I had forgotten his partner, or companion, for etiquette obliges him to have one—this convenient jackall to an *ignoble* master—this pleasant pander to his vices—is found indispensably necessary—for he not only fills up the vacant seat in the vehicle—no unimportant matter, let me tell you—but he fills up a far more agreeable vacuity,—he can pimp, on occasion, with the dexterity of a Sir Pandarus—and procure a *petite fille de joye*, with as much ease and *nonchalence* as he can squeeze a lemon into a bowl of punch—and yet this convenient piece of travelling furniture is a degraded sprig of divinity—

aye, indeed!—the younger son of a very great—very poor—man, who, having no fortune to leave him, (as even *competency* taken from the necessary provision requisite to *keep up the family name* cannot be spared to the youngest of seven children) sends him to college, after the usual probation at a public school, where, if he has not the good fortune to spunge himself into the notice of, if not a nobler, at least a richer sprig, his *dernier resort* is to fasten himself, *leech like*, upon one of that description at college—to pry into his secrets—to worm into his affairs—to do all his dirty work—and to receive what?—Does not your mouth instinctively open?—Does not your empty hand clench involuntarily?—Why, a good fat benefice!—Oh, Mun-

dungus! think of six hundred pounds a year!

" I often wish that I had clear,
" For life, six hundred pounds a year!"

SWIFT.

The sound, the very sound alone, breathes comfort! What might not be purchased with six hundred pounds a year?

Mundungus.—Yet to purchase it at this expense, my friend,—no, by my soul! if this is to be the price of my stipulated ladder of advancement,—I will still wear my thread-bare coat, and wear it proudly; —and when envious Time has compelled it to " shiver in the wind"—I will e'en patch it myself,—if want compels me to borrow a needle and thread.

Grumblerius. — Come, I see I have roused the game;—but this is not all—for, on his return,—he must, forsooth, publish his travels, and the town is *pestered* with his stale lucubrations—the only merits of which are, the paper, the engravings, the margin, and the binding; yet not a book-seller's shop window but exhibits the lame, common-place, and unlettered, effusions of this dishonourable honourable!

To bind such trash in vellum chaste,
Would be a grievous sin;
'Twere better far to have them done
In good tough ass's skin.

Mundungus.—That man must, indeed, be a fool, who will have the boldness to set up for an author, without a sufficient stock of learning.

Grumblerius.—Learning! Lumber you mean,—literary lumber. No young man of fashion will be at the pains of laying in a stock of it at present, at the expense of wading through the deep, hollow, tedious, gloomy road of the classics, when there is so much shorter a cut to it by skipping away to Tattersall's, Hanover Square concerts, the Opera house; the various exhibitions of pictures, and other fashionable places of resort. A thorough acquaintance with these, and the terms used by painters, jockies, and musicians; the habit of a groom; a moderate reading in Taplin's farriery, Blaine's diseases of dogs and horses, and a pair of hair-trigger pistols, are the whole stock of learning—the *ne plus ultra* of the education of nine-tenths of our nobility

and gentry. If the remaining one-tenth should happen to have a scholastic education, it is because they were younger brothers, who were sent to the university in the idea of having only small fortunes; but who have since succeeded to the family estates by the deaths of the heirs apparent. As to the *first born*, they are almost invariably trained up in ignorance, idleness, and vice; and their whole stock of science consists of a jargon of 100 or 150 *slang* terms applied in defiance of common sense, and supported with uncommon effrontery. Such *accomplished* fellows are the rising generation, who are to support the honors of nobility, and therefore it will not be a matter of astonishment if it should get into disgrace with men of sense. But, with the reader's leave, we will tell

him a story of one of these accomplished fellows, founded on fact.—

THE

NOBLE AMATEUR;

OR,

How to make a little Science go a great way.

A noble youth, who lov'd much better pleasure
Than dry, dull, philosophic rules;
Had gather'd little of the ancient treasure—
We mean those authors read at schools;
Yet he knew how to puzzle fools,

And wise men too; for he'd, at finger's end,
Latin and Greek quotations out of number;
Which, right or wrong, he'd to his purpose bend,
Altho' he scarcely knew the case from gender.

No matter—it went off—he was a lord,
(And that alone for most folks is enough)
Besides, of learning savour'd ev'ry word,
With Aristotle's rules he'd stuff
His hearers, as his nose with snuff.

He would be thought a poet, (help his brain!)
And have the credit liberties of taking,
With the nine sisters, coy as Dian's train—
So show'd some verses,--*which he paid for making.*

A critic—dilettanté—virtuoso—
And amateur---the terms of art
He splutter'd out, as if no person knew so
Much as himself---'twas all by heart---
To place 'em right the puzzling part.

"Tom," cried his father, "what a noise you make
"About your science---very much I doubt it---"
"You're right, Sir; those, who credit it, mistake,
"But then, you see,---*I do as well without it!*"

One night his father to a num'rous party
A concert gave---Tom took a part,
Shaking his elbow, as a fiddler hearty:---
"Bravissimo, my lord!---encore!"
The audience cried,---and many swore

My lord a finer bow drew than the best :---
" Did you not hear," said they," how he ran o'er
" Passages most difficult to be exprest ?
So sweet a play'r ne'er was *heard* before !"

" Well," said his father, when the comp'ny gone,
" You're skilled, I'm told,in *tweedle--twiddle ;*
" From one t'another science how you run,
" To me this matter's quite a riddle ;
" I never saw you with a fiddle.---

" How did you learn ?"---" Sir I can't play a note ;
" Nor e'er of music did the gamut know."
" Why, how the devil then---what ! play by rote ?"
" Lord, Sir, why can't you guess ?--I *greas'd my bow !*"

Another of these *noble connoisseurs*, however, did not come off so cleanly in one of his flights. Having for more than an hour pestered the late Mr. Barry, whilst he was painting in the room of the society

of arts in the Adelphi, he, at length, took the liberty to criticise some part of the performance. Barry, with the utmost coolness and contempt, dipped a pound brush in the paint pot, and drew it across the virtuoso's mouth, saying: "I perceive, Sir, that you are a man of *taste!*"

And yet these accomplished gentlemen are the leeches who are to suck the best blood of England;—it is for the ostentatious vanity and jealousy of these men, that the recreation of Englishmen has been curtailed, and almost annihilated by debarring them from killing from a pheasant to a woodcock and snipe, and that they are debarred from carrying a gun, unless, forsooth, to defend the overgrown possessions of their indolent, depreciated, oppressors;—it is for such men that we

suffer privation of money, amusement, and every thing worth an Englishman's having, merely to feed a horde of army agents, government contractors, loan jobbers, excise men, &c. whilst all petitions from the harassed nation to prevent reversionary grants in favor of these *public-spirited* worthies, are rejected with contempt by a combination of men who are in the enjoyment of them, and who are, consequently, *propriâ causâ judices* — judges in their own cause. It has been supposed, that the writings of Rousseau, Voltaire, and other French philosophers, were the volcanic matter which caused that dreadful eruption—the late revolution. But no; it was the pride, the arrogance, and oppression of the nobility, which was apparent from their universal expulsion,

or emigration, if that term is less grating to the ears of nobility. It was an awful example from which our own nobility might and ought to profit; but they are *fools* whom one may despair of ever seeing reclaimed, since, if they did not wear the garb of their groom, talk the same *stable talk*, swear the same oaths, use the like gestures, and appear together on the same dicky, they would have some other folly equally preposterous. One instance, for all, will sufficiently prove their degeneracy. At a period the most alarming, and yet the proudest that ever these kingdoms experienced, since our existence as a free nation (without which it were better not to exist at all) was threatened, and the threat drew forth such a blaze of British *plebeian* patriotism as made the threatener

hide his diminished head:—at such an eventful crisis, our nobility might very well have passed for a genus of the species of *dormice*, if they had not convinced us of their being awake, by forming *a committee for superintending the affairs of the Opera House;* or, in plain English, *an importation of Italian, Spanish, and French, rogues, w——s and spies.*—Nay, to insult the very people to whom they owed protection in their overgrown estates, they raised a subscription for a similar *innocent* place of recreation in Argyle Street, whence their brave defenders were to be excluded, as beings of a different species. Be it allowed that we are so—it is for us the proudest of distinctions. Most of the brute creation are endued with gratitude—

we know who have not the least spark of it.

Mundungus.—But what say you to our female nobility?—I trust that your judgment of them will be less severe.

Grumblerius.—The judgment which has been so often of late passed in the Courts of King's Bench, Common Pleas, and Doctor's Commons, will speak for them, and be a sufficiently severe censure on their *folly* in so often exposing their adulterous gambols before the public. But what else can be expected from their mode of education, if education it can be called? The mother thinks that to be sick and disfigured during nine months, and to be confined a month or six weeks after, so immense a sacrifice that the child is from its birth abandoned to a foster mother;

next to nursery maids, and then sent to a boarding school under English and French teachers, mostly of lax morals. Here she is taught to read badly, write and spell worse, and drawl out a tune accompanied by herself on the *piano*;—but the chief article is to *acquire the graces*,—that is, to dance in such luxurious attitudes, as if they were eastern dancing girls, who were to live by the prostitution of their persons. Indeed, nine out of ten of their marriages are little better. Miss returns from school almost as ignorant as she went thither, but woefully changed in manners and person. Her natural modesty has given way to a pert, presuming, self-conceit; her mind is stored with Mary Woolstonecraft's lubricous lucubrations; and, as the ruddy hue of the rose and *l'embonpoint*

are regarded as unfashionable, she has acquired a death-like paleness by sucking lemons, drinking vinegar, and abstaining from the most nutritious viands, thereby laying in a stock of future disease. Her *polish* is now to begin; and, after innumerable private lessons from mamma, on female Machiavelism, Miss is introduced to a particular friend or two, and so on, till the number is increased to a select party. The time draws near for *publishing* her—that is, introducing her at court, where, her charms being quite new, mamma presages the most happy success—not in her daughter's future happiness—but in her own, who is likely to get rid of a formidable rival, as daughters are always considered at that age by *pleasure-loving* mothers. But for further security,

the publishers of the newspapers are bribed to announce the first introduction of the divine lady Wishfort, by her no less divine mother, whose bloom of youth might have causd her to be taken for her daughter's sister. Then, if mamma has any design for her daughter on the male heir of any particular family, the editor, who, perhaps, was never at a levée, or drawing room, in his life, remarks that that young nobleman was seen to cast many a sheep's eye at the young lady, which is a hint at match-making. Miss, after having thus practised all the mummery of *haut ton* breeding, as a filly goes through her paces of the *manège*, and been introduced at court for the inspection of the young fools of the other sex, is considered as exposed to the hammer, and open to any

bidding; but she is taught that it would be *sacrilege* to suffer her feelings to be interested, or to consult any thing but the family interest, As the other sex proceeds on the same footing, nothing can be more equal. The parties are offered to each other, as horses are sometimes put up for sale—with *all defects* and *blemishes*.

> " Ah! sure such pairs were never seen,
> " So justly form'd to meet by nature!"

Miss can dip a courtsey, and lisp a few common-place observations, like a parrot: Master can fling a nod, and converse with Miss nearly upon par. But those who are not *fools of fashion*, will see and read, with pity and contempt, that *Nature*, the author, had produced a beauteous work, which had been so defaced and disfigured by *Art*, the

publisher, that, as Shakespeare has been used by his commentators and annotators, and Dr. Johnson by his biographers, scarcely a fragment of the original is to be seen through the spurious patch work. —What, therefore, can be expected from husbands, who, as bachelors, did not know how to take care of themselves, and from wives, who have been taught only the arts of ensnaring husbands, and who consequently, are beneath their lessons when they have gained them.—Left to their unruly passions, without any plan for their government, they are irresolute, weak, and too often vicious. Hence, there are not wanting couples in high life, who, when satiated with each other, have mutually agreed to seek their pleasure elsewhere, and, so far from thwarting, to

pimp for each other; hence, we may still see a husband who will be content to be a cypher, and leave the honors of the house to be supported by his lady, which she dexterously effects by means of play-tables, and converting the inmost recesses of the house into a stew, where losing females pay winning males, not in cash but ecstacies, void of all blush and fear, because unseeing and unseen. Hence, also, we have heard of nobles, who, having caught their ribs tripping, have compromised matters with the paramour, and, for a round sum, permitted him to continue to amuse himself;—hence—but we should never have done if we ran through all the catalogue of the consequences of fashionable unions, and, therefore, let us come to the end of them – namely, *divorce*. It

must certainly be no small consolation to them that they possess this advantage over most plebeians, who cannot afford to pay for it. My lord has immediate recourse to his proctor, whilst the middling classes must bear their burdens till nature kindly frees them from their clogs. A West-country clown, indeed, once divorced himself by stratagem, and we will have the story by way of a little relaxation.

THE DIVORCE;

OR,

How to get rid of a tippling Wife.

In Western county liv'd a clown,
A rude, unpolish'd fellow;
Whose wife (perhaps her cares to drown)
Was always getting mellow.

John, who from sun-rise to sun-set
Was delving, or was digging;
Enough for victuals scarce could get,
Much less for ale-house swigging.

Twelve shillings weekly was his store—
'Twas dev'lish close beard shaving;
But when half went for liquor score,
Poor fellow! he was raving.

His clothes were bare, his visage pale;—
Dame didn't care a farthing;
She'd rather than want good fat ale
See twenty husbands starving.

Hard case for John! who all day toil'd,
Nor evening spent in clover;
Who found at home nor roast, nor boil'd,
But dame full half seas over.

He gentle means, and rough ones, tried---
But vain was love or anger;
Her heart thus hard, he thought her hide
Might softer be---he bang'd her.

Both methods fail'd---the tongue and stick---
Some other must be taken;
He hit at last on a shrewd trick
To smoke his deary's bacon.

One ev'ning, to Dame's great surprize,
Who was in usual pickle,
John reeling came---" I'm drunk! " he cries---
These words her ears did tickle.

" Lard, John !" cries she, " I be main glad
" To zee thee'st done wi'thinking;
" Till now I always thought thee mad
" To vind vault wi' my drinking.

" Zoon as thee dost the pleasure vind,
" Good ale thee'lt take delight in;
" We both shall be in the same mind
" No quarreling, nor vighting.

Joan now kiss'd John with greatest glee,
And straightway fetch'd a flaggon;
So tipsy got, she scarce could see
A horse from broad-wheel waggon.

Now was John's time:—"Ah! Deame," quoth he,
"Thee know'st not what I'm thinking."
"Laird! John, how should I?"—"Well, thee'lt zee,
"I ben't for nothing drinking.

"I'm going to make myzel away,
"Into the river pop me."
"Laird! John!"———"'Tis true as I do zay,
"So doan't thee go to stop me."

"I won't, John, 'tis your own affair,
"And if zo be you're willing;
"None have a right to interfere
"To keep one from zelf killing."

"Thank ye, good Deame, vor vavors past,
"And now we part vorever;
"Do let me beg thee'lt zee the last
"Of poor I in the river.

" Wi'all my heart"---They both set out
To where the water deepest;
And artful John look'd all about
To see where bank was steepest.

" Well, good b'ye, Deame!"---" Then thee wilt go?"---
" I wull," quoth John, " most surely;
" But lest I zuffer long, pray do
" Tie both my hands zecurely."

" Rather than zee thee zuffering
" Like drowning pups or martyrs;
" I'll help thee, John, to any thing---
" Here take one of my garters."

When she had tied his hands as tight
As e'er her strength would let her,
Quoth John, " I leave this world to night."---
" Ah, John, thee'lt vind a better."

" But yet, Deame, 'tis an awkward thing,
" Eternity to rush in;
" Do thee go back, and wi' a spring,"
" Gi' I a zudden push in."

" I wull, John---any thing I can---"
She went, and came on jumping;
John stepp'd aside, and on Deame ran,---
The river she fell plump in.

" Help! help! good John!"---she sprawling cried---
" For Lard's sake, help!---I'm sinking!"
" I can't," quoth John, " my hands are tied---
" Zo take thy vill o' drinking."

Mundungus.—Ha! ha! ha! John's wit served him as well as any proctor, whose assistance was unattainable in his situation. The laws of divorce are, undoubtedly, very unequal; but to proceed.

Grumblerius.—Well—at this rate we see fools, prudes, coquettes, gamesters, idlers, talkers of nonsense and scandal, intriguers, &c. forced to couple with each other, or else to remain single, as, in

their eyes, no sin is so heinous as that of matching without their own circle. The game of settlement is played over again; all the family estate is entailed on the first born fool, and all the sinecure places and pensions of the kingdom, numberless as they are, (the *Red Book* being little more than an abstract of them) will not suffice the younger fry of nobility. How then can we *foolishly* denominate them *useless*, when they keep the aristocracy from impoverishing their fortunes by providing for younger children, and keep in repair the middle prop of our *glorious constitution?* What are our sufferings compared with their splendor—what the sweat of our brows set against the enamel on their faces?—What our privations to their enjoyments?—*Custom* has established their

pre-eminence, and custom is but *folly;* so that we must charge our burthens upon *folly.*—Is it not the *acmé of folly* in our rigid moralists to find fault with the nobility for converting night into day; when, if it were to be employed in the ordinary manner, their excesses would be less, and their progeny so numerous, that the army, navy, and even the three learned professions, would be blockt up against us plebeians, and no avenue open beyond trade? Their vices are the flood-gates of our honors, through which one or other of us plebeians does, now and then, pop into a little preferment; they are the *ichneumons* which destroy the young *crocodiles* that would otherwise devour us all.

Mundungus.—It is, indeed, happy for us that women of quality only breed, and

do not litter like the wives of peasants. Pray, do not you think that, in addition to the reasons, which you have given for their not being so prolific as women of the inferior classes, another cause is the modern fashion of going half naked. When you pass a female, who has been caught in a shower in Hyde Park, and whose gauze transparency, drenched with rain, sticks close to her frame, and leaves little or nothing to the imagination, would you not think them—*laborantes utero puellas*— * * * * * * * * * *

* * * * * * * * * * * *

* * * * * * *

Grumblerius.—Poh! No. It is a common, but no less false, saying, that the world is grown worse than ever it was,

and one of the instances adduced in proof of it is the dress, or rather want of dress, of the present race of females. But this argument, in our humble opinion, proves quite the reverse, and, that we are not many removes from the primitive simplicity of the garden of Eden.—"*And they were both naked, the man and his wife, and were not ashamed.*" The blush of shame had not then tinged the cheek—it was painted solely by the rose of health, for which our ladies have been long obliged to substitute *rouge;* but they seem determined now to retrace back their steps to those scenes of primitive innocence, when it was not conceived that nakedness discovered aught indelicate, or that it should be concealed.

" Then was not guilty shame, dishonest shame,
" Of nature's works: honour dishonourable
" Sin bred! how have ye troubled all mankind,
" With shews indeed, mere shews of seeming pure,
" And banish'd from man's life, his happiest life,
" Simplicity, and spotless innocence!"

MILTON.

This *sin-bred shame* our modern fair seem resolved to banish, and to substitute in its place the roses of health, by discarding unnecessary cloathing, and case-hardening themselves to the weather. As the fig-leaf was not introduced until the imagination became corrupt, it must follow that the nearer our *belles* approach to nudity, the more they approximate to purity!!!—

Mundungus.—You speak ironically now.

Grumblerius. — Pray postpone your

inference, until I shall have concluded. The grand impediment to marriage, namely the female taste for expensive dresses, is now about to vanish; and in proportion as wedlock increases, illegitimate amours, and their unhappy consequences, will vanish. Bahaloul, the *fool* of Haroun Alraschid, of whom honorable mention has been already made, had a very great aversion to marriage, notwithstanding which, the caliph insisted on his being wedded to a female who was both young and handsome, assuring him that he would then be perfectly happy. Bahaloul submitted; but the instant he laid down by this bride, he jumped out of bed, and ran away as if he had been frightened out of his senses. The parents of the bride complained of this insult to the caliph,

who sent for the *fool*, and, in a severe tone, demanded the cause of such behaviour. "My lord," replied Bahaloul, "I have nothing to allege against the young woman; she is handsome, and may be virtuous and wise; but the very moment I entered the nuptial bed, I thought I heard a number of children's voices, one asking for a ribband, another for a vest, and another for a robe, that I ran away, in spite of your commands and my wife's charms, to avoid being more *foolish* than I am. The colds, and other disorders, brought on by thin clothing, will prevent all fear of a numerous progeny; and, the expense of dress, being done away, prostitution will cease; man's wants will be reduced to a little, and knavery will be no longer a trade. We shall be all Adams and Eves.

Even the most decried and most pernicious of all our amusements (I mean *masquerades*) tend to this end, as good arises out of evil. We still retain some lines of a humourous description of one of these exhibitions:—

"When we enter'd this paradise, judge, my dear madam,
"With what pleasure we met our first ancestor, Adam.
"Good God! 'twas so awful to see whence we sprung,
"For the dress to his body most prettily clung;
"And, lest his green girdle might pass for dame Eve's,
"He kept on the fruit, which peep'd out 'twixt the leaves.

* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *

"Now, as for the *women*, why nine out of ten
"So doubtful were clad, you might take them for men;
[necks,
"Till, shrewdly enough, 'twixt their knees and their
"For *decency sake* they discovered their sex."

The arts too will flourish, since we have a lady H—— who will exhibit her naked beauties to our sculptors and painters, and a lady C—— C———, whose light drapery displays the utmost elegance of dress, without concealing an iota of her charms. —Eve's birth-day suit was scarcely more natural than one of this lady's birth-day dresses.—It was a full match for the garments of the Lacedæmonian girls, which, we are told, discovered more than they concealed. Varro mentions "*vitreas vestes*," glassy garments; and Horace also notices them under the appellation of *Coan* garments, from the island of Coos, where the stuff was made:—

———— Cois tibi pœne videri est
Let nudam.————
———— Through the Coan vest,
You see her almost naked.————

Menander also mentions those cobweb dresses under the appellation of *transparent vests;* but we cannot conceal that he stigmatizes them as the apparel of *courtezans.* —Be they so, our ladies of the present day are divested of all those prejudices, and readily adopt the fashions set them by kept mistresses, opera girls, or actresses. There is another cause, flowing from these transparent dresses, why *nudes* are less prolific than wearers of petticoats. To defend themselves against the internal cold, they swallow so much British gin—(yes, reader, *British gin*—which is become a most fashionable liquor, perhaps from the high price of foreign spirits) that almost every twentieth house throughout the metropolis is a gin shop, which is amply supported by the other nineteen,—a drunken man is bad

enough, but a drunken woman is every thing that is bad. Husband, children, and reputation, she will send to the devil for gin. If a stop is not put to this pernicious practice, the legislature ought to allow drunkards to be shut up in a mad-house, as they are, in every sense of the word, *note compotes mentis*, incapable of managing their affairs, bent on the destruction of their families, and finally on suicide.

Mundungus.—Heaven defend me from a wife of this description! As Lucio says in Measure for Measure—"married to a punk, is pressing to death, whipping, and hanging!"

Grumblerius. — Pish, man! 'tis the fashion of the day, and it would be better for a man to be pressed to death, whipped, and hanged, than to be out of the fashion.

A man of the ton, who has attained to the *scavoir vivre*, or living upon terms with the world, will rather be obstinately blind to all the frailties of his rib, than make an *eclat*, provided some prying chambermaid do not espy her amorous tournaments through some crack or key hole, and officiously divulge them. He is then obliged to open his eyes, and expose himself to the jibes of liquorish lawyers in Westminster-hall, and the sneer of the *swinish multitude*, to whom his dishonor is blazoned in a half crown short-hand report of the trial, or a sixpenny pamphlet, embellished with engravings from life.—Nay, it often happens that, after having thus stamped himself a cockold, his wife will retort the charge of adultery upon him, and hold

him fast noosed, in spite of all his struggles to free himself. I will recite to you a little conjugal thrust and parry on this head, entitled,

RETALIATION.

Cornuto, giv'n to am'rous strife,
As was his liq'rish dame;
Prizing his honor more than life,
Tax'd ma'am with want of shame.

The fair bore coolly being snubb'd,
And said—"My love, have done;
"You have a *dozen cuckold's* dubb'd,
"And I ne'er made but *one*."

Mundungus.—There have, indeed, been frequent examples of these exhibitions of late among the higher ranks, and not a few of them among the lower ones.

Grumblerius.— And how can it be a matter of wonder, since Lord Chesterfield, that *moral* guide of the *haut ton*, particularly recommends gallantry with married women to his own son, as the surest method of getting up in the world. *Whoever would rise among men must kneel to women*—is now become so trite a maxim that it is in the mouth of every boy-peer, and is-to-be man of fashion. Their whole *classical* study is the perusal of his lordship's letters; and the highest ambition of their parents is to see them, and their sole aim is to become, a *Chelterfieldian*, a mock-moralist, and sacrificer at the shrine of self-interest, duplicity, and hypocrisy!

Mundungus.— Hush, Sir! not such harsh epithets on what the world terms the *scavoir vivre*, elegance, politeness, and

suavity of manners. These things are the passports through life, the small current coin by means of which our bark glides smoothly down the current of life.

Grumblerius.—You should have said the false and debased money with which the unwary are deceived; and those who use them are as deserving of infamy as their brotherhood, the *smashers*. Who can read with patience the books of a man who recommends to his son the arts of flattery, deceit, dissimulation, and gallantry, with married women, *vulgarly* termed adultery? Indeed, we ought to thank the fair editor of these letters (a worthy relation and disciple of his lordship) for her *intrepidity* in unmasking the battery of fashion, and telling us, in her advertisement to the 2d Edition, that ‘ *men of the world* are not

bound by the same rules of morality by which those are who, by the converse of the same figure of speech, are called *men out of the world.*' We have only to regret that his lordship did not complete the intention which he announced in another work, of publishing a *system of ethics* for people of fashion. The exhibition must have been so disgusting to the *little world*, that they would have been radically cured of the disorder of *apeing their betters*, and hold in *proper estimation* the man, whose nearest and dearest scheme was that of teaching his son—

> To bend his body in a graceful line,
> To dance, to dress, to drink, and to design;
> Who bade his son be crafty as a knave,
> Cringe like a fool, and flatter like a slave.

Consult applause, by mean, disgraceful arts;
Neglect all principle to show his parts;—
Caress the polish'd, spurn the vulgar, race,
And gull the public with an easy grace.

It would not signify a straw to the world upon what terms these *noble fools* live with one another, if there was not a contagious spirit of emulation caught from them by *plebeian fools*.—Such a sharp look out is kept after fashionable levities by the inferior classes, that Deborah Drab, of Petticoat Lane, and Fanny Flounce, of Smock Alley, will have the very same vices as the Duchess of Drenchwell, and Baroness Byblow, of Grosvenor Square; and cits and counts have an equal right to boast the cuckold's horn. I shall now contrast specimens of *seeing company* in high and low life, which will sufficiently

point out to you the pernicious, baneful effects of the former on the latter. No sooner has the town become full, than a Marchioness or Duchess issues her cards for a rout or masquerade, of which she gives a regular set at stated periods throughout the season.—Her cards will be issued for twice as many people as her rooms can hold with comfort—for if they were not crammed to suffocation, it would be voted a *complete cut*.—You perhaps think that these parties are composed of intimate friends and acquaintance; and I dare say you only consider them as differing from a sober whist party, in the country, by the immense acquaintance such rank and title must unavoidably have in town.—Why, Sir, the lady of the house does not know one in twenty of her visitors, even

personally:—she invites them because, the Duchess of Farrandiddle, had them on her list the preceding week, and it would be quite outré, to recognize a face at a rout, that you were known to be in strict terms of intimacy with.—This renders, perhaps, necessary the party of Bow-street runners—who form an indispensable part of her establishment for the evening:—you start, my friend, do not be surprized!—'tis a fact.—Now what a delicious treat one of these fellows must have, who has the handing, or handling, a fashionable nude to her carriage—as to eating or drinking—'twoud be just as easy to procure even a biscuit or a wafer here on a *full night*—"as to catch a soaped pig by the tail."—Because, though you might be enabled to snatch, by great good luck, any such trifle,

the odds are as high against your retaining one, as the other, *without you* are as great an adept in the art of elbowing, crossing, and jostling, as a hero of the turf.—What a fine school for the morals, must such a squeezing assemblage of legs and arms exhibit, particularly when we call to recollection the *full* dress—Oh dear, Oh dear! of a lady of high ton.—Cards are introduced here like common gaming houses, and the lady of the house is at the height of her gratification, if any poor Pigeon in the group is plucked of every feather at a sitting—the newspapers will teem with the anecdote—and if perchance a few crim. con. engagements commence from that night, and another rival queen, who has had the temerity to give a rout on the same night, should have her rooms

abandoned, whilst her's are crammed to suffocation, she is at the acmé of her wishes; and after every glass, and brittle article of furniture, is broken to shivers, and, to crown the whole, not even a pocket picked except in an honorable way—notoriety will take her on her wings, and soar to where?—where you like my friend.—Now for high life below stairs:—Not long since, an industrious, honest, simple, tradesman, laid his complaint before me in the following strain:—My spouse, who was the daughter of a person that enjoyed a place in the customs, the income of which he spent as he received it, and left little or nothing to his family at his decease, has a wonderful knack at gentility. Having read in the newspapers of the routs, dinners, and other entertainments, given

by the nobility, she insisted on putting me to a vast expense, and inconvenience, in clearing my warehouse, that she might have room to see company in style. The walls were lined with rows of woodden sconces, for the reception of ends of wax candles, and the beadle of the parish church accommodated us with benches for the occasion, and more than two packs of playing cards were converted into cards of invitation to Mrs. Fig's rout, by writing on the back of them. About one hundred persons attended, as, according to the old proverb, "there are always wise folks enough to partake of feasts when *fools* make them."—The rooms were so deliciously thronged, as my wife phrazed it, that there was scarcely room to turn; and the heat, smoke, and smell, occasioned in

consequence, was barely supportable. The company, which consisted of bakers, butchers, tailors, and other tradesmen, like myself, with their wives and children, appeared like fish out of their element, and gasped for breath, although they would not betray their ignorance by shewing any symptoms of uneasiness under what my wife assured them was the tip top of fashion. The consequence was, that as the company left such a warm bath, to walk home, which most of them did, there was never before such a harvest for the doctors, of colds, rheums, gouts, and defluctions. Many of them were scarcely able, and my wife among the rest, to stir about in their shops for weeks afterwards. But this was not the worst of it.—As the straitness of tradesmen's houses, and the

want of coaches, were discovered not to be adapted to routs at home, my wife resolved to have a *Fate Sham Peter (Féte Champetre)* abroad.—After a week spent in preparation of ham, fowls, pigeon pies, saviloys, bolognas, tongues,—packing up hampers of bottled porter, rum, brandy, British gin, pipes and tobacco, and praying for fair weather, on the appointed day, behold it broke out with splendor, and it no sooner broke than all were in motion. The party, about eighteen in number, embarked at London Bridge on board two wherries. I will not trouble you with an account of our voyage, which ended by landing us safely on a lawn at Twickenham. We presently seated ourselves on the grass, spread our cloth, and covered it with the contents of the hampers. We

were entering into all the spirit of our excursion, when we were suddenly surprized by a mastiff dog, which overthrew one of the ladies, sprang into the midst of our circle, demolished bowls, bottles, glasses, plates, dishes, and, seizing a duck, began to tear it limb from limb without the least respect to persons. The ladies screamed—and some fainted,—or pretended to do so,—whilst a footman, belonging to the proprietor of the lawn, stood at a little distance enjoying the confusion, of which he had been the instigator, by setting on the dog. Some of the gentlemen stripped to punish this insolent disturber of our harmless mirth, when the master of the house appeared. He chid his servant for behaving so rudely to *decent* people, when

he had only given orders to drive away the *lower order*, and behaved so excessively polite, in sending orders to his butler and housekeeper to supply our loss from his own larder and cellar, that our losses were quite forgot, and the ladies, my wife especially, were enraptured with this polished gentleman, as they said he was, *every inch of him.* Our fright was converted into convivialty, and after our regale, whilst the men were smoking their pipes, the women proposed to stroll round the grounds. When it grew dusk, we called in the ladies, all of whom appeared, except my wife. After searching for her, in vain, for nearly an hour, I observed her coming out of the house, and ran to hasten her into the boat.—I observed that her face was rather flushed, and her dress

disordered.—She burst out upon me with acclamations of praise bestowed on the owner of the mansion, who had invited her to see the interior of his house, and even his bed-room, which was the prettiest in the world. She ran on for a minute or two more in eulogies on crimson satin window curtains, bed furniture, &c. until I sternly demanded why she had left the other ladies: "Lord bless my soul! why, surely, Mr. Fig, you a'n't jealous?" she pertly exclaimed, reddening at the same time. "No, no," rejoined I, "but it certainly was not so decent to trust yourself alone with the gentleman in his bed room." —"Lord, Mr. Fig, why he is too polite to offer any rudeness to me."—"Politeness," muttered I, "has very little to do with this sort of business."—Whether or

not my wife was ashamed of her conduct, she prevaricated to the company by pretending to have strayed in the pleasure grounds, (as no doubt she did) whilst I endeavoured to conceal my chagrin, and have never mentioned this adventure to any person but yourself. However, I have had daily specimens ever since, that my wife despises me, and have often the mortification of hearing her nightly exclaim—in her slumbers—"Fate Sham Peter—Fine gentleman—sweet man—ecstatic moments—satin bed!"

Mundungus.—'Twas a bitter pill for the poor cit, and the worse for that his rib did not give him an opportunity to gild his horns, and soothe him for being "*the common jest, and scorn, of laughing fools.*"

Grumblerius.—Gold is, in truth, the

cuckold's *quietus*, from the peer to the pastry-cook. Nay, to such a pitch is the phrenzy for *fashionable follies* arrived, that there is a continual struggle maintained for *precedency* through every rank from St. James's to Dyot Street.—The *shopkeeper* at the west-end of the town, thinks himself far superior to his brother on the eastern side of Temple Bar; and the *haberdasher's* wife holds up her head as much above the *butcher's*, as the latter carries her nose above the *small-coal-man's*. In the country, the *squires'*, *parsons'*, *lawyers'* and *doctors'*, wives, after numberless bickerings, and not a few pitched battles, at their red cloak, black stocking, and patten assemblies, have amiably compounded with each other to form what is called the *gentry* of the neighbourhood.

and assume as much consequence over the *farmers'* and *tradesmens'* wives, as they take upon themselves above their *labourers'* and *journeymen's*. To cap the whole—*kept mistresses* look upon themselves as infinitely above the *commoners* in the profession; among whom, the tenant of the *first floor* is superior to the one in the *parlours*; she to the other in the *2d floor*, and she again to the *street-wanderers*.—

"*Sing tan ta-ra-ra-ra, fools all!*"

Mundungus.—Surely, the noble flame of emulation can never keep itself alive in such base minds?

Grumblerius.—No—it is only a bastard sort, begotten by pride, the curse of the female sex, upon envy, which always dwells in little minds.

Mundungus.—But I cannot conceive how it should ever enter into the heads of persons born, nursed, and brought up, in the humblest sphere of life, to ape the *follies* of those of the highest ranks.

Grumblerius.—Nothing easier to solve. A *bad education* is the source of this madness, which has ruined thousands of families. The modes of education should always vary with circumstances; in all cases they should tend to teach morality and the *useful arts*——

But when *accomplishment's* alone acquir'd,
The female mind with *vanity* is fir'd.
Happy the fair! if fortune then befriends;
Else infamy, too oft, her steps attends.
More proud of personal, than mental, charms,
Elate she sees of humble lovers swarms.

To beauty, unpossess'd, she owes her pow'r,
And mourns its loss, when lost her virgin flow'r.
To man's seductive arts she falls a prey,
But 'twas *false education* pav'd the way.

Mundungus.—Many of the seminaries of education, I am afraid, are more calculated to do harm than good. Surely a question, which involves the welfare of the rising generation, is of sufficient importance for the consideration of our legislature.

Grumblerius.—No doubt. Schools are of the utmost consequence; but they seem to be considered, by the world at large, as of no consequence at all. Infinitely greater pains are bestowed on enquiries into the qualifications of the hair-dresser who is to cut Miss's hair, and the mantua-maker who is to make Miss's frock, than the person to whom the care

of her education is to be entrusted. It is sufficient that the school be what is termed a *genteel one;* that is to say, sufficiently extravagant to induce people of fashion to send their children to it. To keep a boarding school is the last shift of every decayed gentlewoman, who can raise money enough to furnish a house, or find credit with a broker. Every art is then put in requisition to gain pupils, by cajoling parents, and to increase perquisites. To every fond mother that presents herself, her own child is, of all the pupils, the *tallest*, best shaped, and docile, pupil. She dances divinely, has a pretty knack at French, and sings and accompanies herself on the piano delightfully. This game is repeated *toties quoties*, and satisfies the fond parents for all the enormous

overcharges in the bill; for books never bought, paper, pens, needles, thread, samplers, &c. never had; use of globes, and piano, the former of which is so soiled and defaced that you could not distinguish Great Britain from Prester John's dominions on it; nor extract from the latter the wretched similitude of a tune! I shall now present the reader with a bill of a ladies' school in a little village, nearly two hundred miles west of London, which was put into my hands by the mistress herself.

	l.	*s.*	*d.*
Board, Needle Work, and English Instruction, per annum	16	16	0
Seat at Church	0	4	0

Extras if required.

Tea, per annum	1	1	0
French	3	3	0
Writing and Arithmetic	1	1	0
Dancing	3	3	0
Music	6	6	0
Drawing	3	3	0

Entrances.

To the School	1	1	0
Music	1	1	0
Drawing	0	10	6
Dancing	0	10	6
French	0	10	6

Institutes.

To bring towels, knife and fork, tea-spoon, tea-cup and saucer, and a tumbler.

Young Ladies who continue at School Midsummer and Christmas, to pay two guineas and half each Vacation.

A quarter's notice at leaving School, or a quarter's board; and if absent during any quarter, half that quarter is charged.

*** Bills to be paid at the Vacations.

There are, besides, many other smaller wheels which add to the movement, and in the end double, or nearly treble, the original terms. And after all this expense, what do the parents get for it?—A pert, conceited hoyden, who spells badly, writes worse, scarcely knows one figure of arithmetic from another, jabbers about half a dozen disjointed sentences in bad French, horribly pronounced, murders time and tune in music, and jumps through a reel or country dance. But there is another, and a worse, circumstance resulting from these *Preparatory Schools*, which is, that they often prove *Preparatory steps to a Bagnio*. This arises from the vanity of inferior tradesmen and mechanics, who will have their children genteely educated. Every village in the vicinity of the metro-

polis swarms with these schools, with a sign over the door, "*Young ladies boarded and educated.*" Nay, I've heard, and doubt not that it might have been a fact, that one of these mistresses, more ignorant than common, actually exhibited a board, on which was inscribed, "young ladies *bored* here." Hither the daughters of the alehouse-keeper, shoemaker, tailor, and blacksmith, are sent, as well as those of the 'squire, parson, lawyer, doctor, and independent people of the neighbourhood, and from the moment they enter the talismanic walls of the school, the former are metamorphosed into young ladies. That there should be a difference between the plan of schools for the offspring of gentry and working people, the swarm of unhappy females will evidently

prove; but this is so far from being the case that the daughter of the green-grocer or small-coal man is as much a young lady as the daughter of a rich baronet; and to preserve the climax, the *mistress* discards that vulgar appellation, and ascends into the rank of *governess*. It matters not a pin's head whether she knows her right hand from her left, as *extra masters* are hired to teach the children, and a heavy tax is laid on the *folly* of parents. But it ends not there. When the green-grocer, or small-coal man takes his *young lady* from school, he, perhaps, has the additional *folly* to imagine that his daughter will weigh potatoes, or measure a bushel of coal. No such thing. Ignorant of every thing that she ought to know, she will be so grounded in the lesson of pride

and vanity, that she will despise shop, soap, candles, cabbages, coals, and bundles of wood, and *elope* (a fashionable boarding school term) with the first man who solicits her, and wears a genteel appearance. On the contrary, had she been sent to a school where the only arts and sciences taught were plain work, reading, writing, and arithmetic, and some articles of good housewifery, she would have stuck to her shop, been a relief and comfort to her parents, and passed through life with ease and credit, instead of being a pest and nuisance to society.

Mundungus.—With false education, transparent dresses, and British gin, it is, indeed, no wonder that female reputation is at so low an ebb.

Grumblerius. — Why it is thought scarcely worthy of attention. The loss of her character will not cost a fashionable lady, of the present day, one-tenth of the sighs and tears that the straying of a pug-dog would occasion. A woma , who should be detected in a *faux pas*, and should lament her folly to her bosom friend, would only get laughed at for her prudish qualms, like the frail one, of whom take the following story:—

A wife (whose husband was at sea)
Had, in her conduct, been so free,
That *Scandal* blew her trumpet.
The neighb'ring *prudes* soon took alarm—
Good natur'd souls!—they meant no harm,—
They *only* call'd her—*Strumpet!*

In grief, to bosom friend she hy'd,
Lamented much, and sobb'd, and cry'd,
For character so hack'd on:
"Poh!" cried the friend, "do not be griev'd,
"Your character, if ne'er retriev'd,
"At best was but—a *crack'd one.*"

When detected and exposed adultery is softened down into a *publicity in love affairs*, what woman will be so *foolish* as to trouble herself about reputation, which formerly cost such infinite pains to keep, being prized as an inestimable jewel, but now considered only as a drug? A diamond is precious only by common assent; and, by common assent, reputation is quite out of date. Where women, of themselves, weaken the barriers of virtue, men will always be ready to overleap them. No wonder, then——

" Oh, wretched husband ! while she hangs about thee,
" With idle blandishments, and plays the fond one;
" Even then her hot imagination wanders,
" Contriving riot, and loose 'scapes of love; [ster."
" And while she clasps thee close, makes thee a mon-

No wonder that *crim. con.* is the rage, and that *John Bull* is the appellation, by the lump of *horned nobles*, as well as *horned cits*. No wonder that matrimony is only a Dutch medley, performed for the amusement of friends, neighbours, and often of the grinning mob, in the following style:—

Sometimes harmony and concord—
Two soft flutes in concert playing;
Sometimes jarring, noise and discord—
Fighting dogs, and asses braying.

Oft, in fond endearment sitting,
One will grant, if t'other ask it;
Oftentimes, each other twitting—
Two cats snarling in a basket.

On each other's neck oft hanging—
Lambkins playing, turtles billing;
Oftentimes each other banging—
Bedlamites, and hogs a killing.

END OF VOL. I.

J. F. HUGHES, Printer,
5, Wigmore Street.